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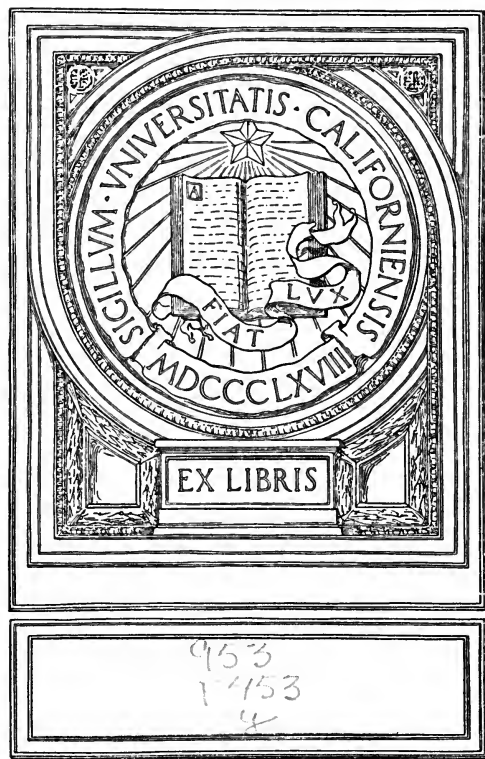
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"THE YANKEE ABROAD"

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With the Compliments of.
John U. Chester.

Pittsburgh Pa.

Apr. 30. 1918.





“THE YANKEE ABROAD”

(COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY JOHN N. CHESTER)

This poem by Eugene Field was written at the time of his visit to London in February, 1890, and is indorsed in Field's handwriting, "Never published." So closely has the manuscript been guarded since the author's death that up to the present time very few persons are aware of its existence. The original manuscript (herein reproduced in facsimile, precisely the same size as originally written) is owned by one of our members, Mr. John N. Chester, of Pittsburgh, who has kindly consented to allow a few copies to be issued to the members of The Bibliophile Society.

It is singularly appropriate that this MS. should have come to light at a time when patriotic feelings have been stirred by our participation in the present world-wide war.

THE YANKEE ABROAD

Though one may be sure
Of a sense he's secure
So long as his record be open and pure,
It is better to be
Both honest like me
And born of the home of the brave and the free.
For, go where I may
In my wandering way,
I give little heed to whatever folks say;
And wherever I am,
I don't care a ——
For I know I'm a nephew of Old Uncle Sam!

If sometimes I choose
To meander the rues
Where Johnny Crapeaud a la mode parley-voos,
My wild wooly way
Is regarded au fait,
And seldom I deign to remark "see voo play;"
When they caper and smile,
(Though intent, all the while,
In wheedling the stranger unused to their guile),

I see through the sham,
But I don't care a ——
Would you, if a nephew of cher l'Oncle Sam?

I've bragged of my home—
In the Kremlin's dull dome—
The meetin' house rounds have I traversed in
Rome;
In Spain have I seen
What we need to keep clean—
They *make* it, not *use* it (it's soap that I mean!);
I've squandered a fund on
The bookshops in London
The "banks" and the "brays" of the Scotch
have I punned on—
Yet so loyal I am
That I'd not give a ——
For *all* as against our dear Uncle Sam!

This stomach of mine
Has been warmed with the wine
That grows with the pretzel in realms of the
Rhine;
Been robbed of its ease
By the compounds that please
The Welchman addicted to rarebits of cheese;
I've skated in Poland
And waded Dutch lowland,

And yet I'm prepared to maintain there's no
land
You'd call worth a ——
If *you* are (as *I* am)
A patriot nephew of old Uncle Sam.

EUGENE FIELD

London, Feb. 22, 1890.



The Danker Creed.

Never published.
"

Though one may be sure

Of a sense he's sure

So long as his record be open and pure,

It's better to be

Both honest like me

And born of the home of the brave and the free.

For, go where I may

In my wandering way,

I give little heed to whatever folks say;

And wherever I am,

I don't care a —

For I know I'm a nephew of old Uncle Sam!

If sometimes I choose

To meander the rues

Where Johnny Caspé and a la mode farley-vos,

My wild woolly way

Is regarded as fait,

And seldom I deign to remark "see our folly";

When they caper and smile,

(Through intent, all the while,

In wheeling the ~~man~~ ^{unmindful to their} stranger ~~through~~ ^{through} guile,)

I see through the sham,

But I ~~but~~ care a —,

Would you, if a nephew of cher l'Oncle Sam?

I've bragged of my home

In the Kremlin's dull dome —

The meetin' house rounds have I traversed in Rome;

In Spain's house I seen

What we need to keep clean —

They make it, not make it. (it's soaps that I mean!);

I've squandered a fund on

The bookshops in Linton

The "banks" and the "brags" of the beetle have I punned on —

Yet so loyal I am

That I'd not give a —

I've all, as against ^{one dear} ~~one beloved~~ Uncle Sam!

—

This stomach of mine

Has been warmed with the wine

That grows with the kretzel in realms of the Rhine;

Been robbed of its ease

By the comforts that please

The Wilhelmian abbeys to ^{sarcotis of} ~~tophat~~ and cheese;

I'm skated in Poland

And maddened Dutch low lands,

And yet I'm prepared to maintain there is no land

You'd call worthless — ,

If you are (as I am)

A ~~Don~~ patriot nephew of old Uncle Sam!

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Ernest Reed
..

London, Feb. 22, 1890

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